

THE RIGHT PRICE

continued

mind, don't bother. I know. You want a rest."

"Locally?"

"We've been waiting for two weeks. When do we take a rest from waiting?"

"It's not really that dull, David. Actually, this is a pretty interesting town. Plenty to buy here."

"You not interested in the business structure of Jamaica. And if another native asked me to buy a house but when my damn fool car got off I'm already wearing one, I think I'd scream."

Michael laughed suddenly, a beautiful laugh which rang uniquely in the silent air.

"I don't see what's so funny," she said. "You trying to tell me I'm bored?"

"You were bored in New York, too."

"Yes, and that's why we came down here, isn't that right? For a change?"

"For a rest," he corrected.

"So get away from everyone we know—and your work, isn't that right?"

"I hate where you do that."

"Do what, for God's sake?"

"Bogus power."

"Oh. I don't care what you hate. We came down here to get away from all the pressures, and instead . . ."

"If there are any pressures here," Michael said, "I'd like to know about them."

"Boredom is a pressure."

"Boredom, boredom! But a year occurred to you that it's pretty boring to hear you talk about boredom all the time!"

"I'm sorry if I annoy you."

"I didn't say that."

"It sounded like that to me."

"All I said was . . . well, what I object to is the way you keep going on about the same things. Like your life-raft, and your search for enlightenment, and your obsession to a woman. Why don't you just relax. Bored! The trouble with women today is . . ."

"I don't want to hear your tirade on the mechanized woman again."

He shrugged. "All right."

"Because if you want to know the truth, you're pretty damn boring yourself!"

"Me?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, you. The Madison Avenue materialized with his new movements and his new slogans and his new campaign and his ultra-up-tight posture. I've never met anyone so up his who was so interested with making money."

"I didn't realize," he said with cold laughter, "that providing for one's wife and family was being overly

concerned with . . ."

"That's a different interest . . ."

" . . . money. I suppose I'd be better off if I were a native shopping paper man in the middle-class jungle and getting his cents a word."

"They don't sleep night time in the jungle."

"On the plantation then. Whoever the hell they do it. Maybe you'd enjoy that?"

"Maybe I would. It might be cool, at least."

"Oh, here we go on the fake existence theme again. The glitz of New York, the moral rot of . . ."

"Don't you ever understand anything I'm saying?" she said angrily. "I hate it here! And, damnit, I'm catching a cold!"

"How can anyone catch a cold in the tropics?"

"I don't know how. My doctor with a gun, I would imagine I'm catching one that's all."

"It must be psychosomatic."

"Maybe it is. Michael, for the love of God, let's move on."

"I like Jamaica," he said slowly.

"This is the Paradise, isn't?" the driver interrupted gently.

"Did you want to get you home, sir?"

"Yes, thank you, Andrews," Michael said. "We'll only be an hour or so."

"I'll wait for you in front of hotel, sir."

"Very well," Michael said. He opened the door and stepped into the sunbath. He held his hand out to Diane and she followed him onto the curb.

"Why did you say 'Very well'?" she asked.

"What should I have said?"

"'Very well' sounds so British. You never say that in New York."

"Well, this isn't New York. This is the British West Indies."

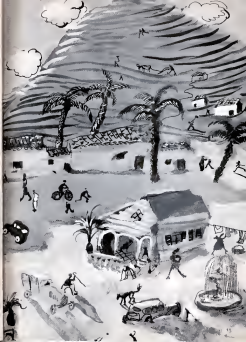
"That's no reason for you to put on airs. The driver must be laughing himself silly."

"He isn't laughing at all. He's thinking he'll get three dollars for the ride and a two-dollar tip, that's what he's doing."

"Not everyone thinks the way you do, Michael," she said. "God, it's hot. Can't we get over to the shade?"

They crossed the street and began walking under the narrow awnings lining the narrow sidewalk. The natives rushed past, carrying baskets in the hand, carrying shopping baskets, intent on their personal affairs, their clothes bright and gaudy. Napoleon flashed in the sunbath, an ancient hat circled around the clock near the store market, a cigarette sign warned **NO YOUR LIGHTS**.

(continued on page 149)



new york – the underworld people

A visual excursion through the lower depths of New York City's new Bohemia as viewed through the extraordinary camera-eye of photographer **JACK SMITH**



central park



Jack Smith has chosen the fringe-world of the sub-conscious as the subject for his photographic art. He depicts the chaotic area between the normal and the perverse with extraordinary sensitivity to symbol and image. Roaming through odd corners of the city, Jack Smith captures those rare moments when the sub-

conscious erupts close to the surface. A man in a cemetery becomes a nocturnal nightmare; Central Park is transformed into a surrealistic vision; a Greenwich Village party, haunted by transvestites, is made surrealistically vivid. Smith's vision is strange, but so are the pictures these pages can dole out power.



brooklyn cemetery



party in greenwich village





on the bowery



SCENE'S WORLD TOUR:

Argentina





Sun-drenched beaches,
snowcapped mountains, and
beautiful women offer
the visitor a vacation
he'll never forget

Covering more than one million square miles in area and containing a population of more than 16 million people, Argentina boasts some of the most spectacular scenery in the Western Hemisphere. High mountain ranges bound the country, inland rivers, lush prairie, and wide prongas provide stunning scenic variety for the tourist and nature. And, if you're the city type, who can ask for anything more than Buenos Aires, the country's capital, known to seasoned travelers as the Paris of the West. Here you will find all the urban splendor meticulously cared for parks and squares, and the spectacular modern architecture, and the people who inhabit it, their faces every shade of the variety of races that have made Argentina a melting pot of races and cultures. Dark eyes and olive complexion reveal the predominant Spanish type, but the Indian heritage lives on in the wide cheekbones, full hair and pores of many Argentines. Accessible and unassuming, the beautiful nation provides a vacation playground that is truly fit for the Gods.



TWO WOMEN of Argentina are the picture from Monte Sordaniacum type (left) to wide cheeked Indian type (right). Statue of Liberty Square (right) in Buenos Aires is considered one of world's most beautiful





ANTONIA MODEL, and nightclub scenes typify Argentina's midcentury quest, a desire for self-expression and freedom from a traditional Latin conservatism.





SCENE

ENTERTAINMENT
FOR MEN APRIL 1991

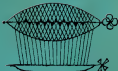
EVAN HUNTER

ART BUCHWALD

CHARLES JACKSON

SAADAT HASAN MANTO

STEVE ALLEN



BERGMAN



MAN



Sweden's master director projects a darkly personal vision in all the films he makes

by JOHN RUDOLPHSKY

Waxen as the sun, he is seen the long agonies long to draw with concentration. He glowers with strong, spindly-fingered hands—hands that somehow don't go with the sloping slender body, the soft, almost delicate coloring. His hair is balded very far back. He wears it every day and has been wearing it for as long as anyone can remember.

"I do not take it off because then I would not feel warm," Ingmar Bergman explains, simply.

For the same reason, Bergman always works at the same studio, with the same actors, with the same techs, as he has been doing for the past twenty years.

A perfectionist, he drives himself and his crew crazy, but. After working with Bergman for so many years, most people resist his unbendingness: they resist his demands, submit his results. They complain, bitterly about his consistency, but are awestruckly proud of the unspliced repetition that Bergman manages to draw from them. They are completely loyal to him, so far as to them.

Ingmar Bergman's painstaking approach to his art has achieved results. Today he is one of the best-known film makers in the world. His success has been phenomenal: he is the only director to have won the Cannes Film Festival prize three years in a row.

Although Bergman's reputation abroad is based on film, he devoted about two-thirds of his working year to the theater and has directed in Sweden's two major theater cities for the past 25 years.

Theater, Bergman says, is my love and the basis of my existence. Through theater I can create films, but I could not do the reverse. If I ever had to choose between theater and film, I am convinced that I could live without film. Theater has been my abiding hope, childhood.

(continued on page 11)

TOURISTS AT LARGE



by ART BUCHWALD

A TOURIST who has made a close study of tourism (I think must be a rare bird) I believe, I have noticed a certain type of tourist that has become more prevalent in recent years. This is the type of tourist who hates traveling.

While I've written in the past about individual tourists who hated traveling, I have discovered a new type of tourist who needs somebody else to hate it with.

These are couples now traveling who know better they won't leave the United States; they're going to hate it. But no matter how bad they think it's going to be, the reality is even worse than their wildest nightmares.

I met a couple like that the other day. They had been touring Europe for a month and they were on the last stretch in Paris. When I caught up with them they couldn't decide which they hated more, Venice or Rome.

"Paris," the man said. "didn't like Rome, but I still thought it was better than Venice."

Then said, "That's interesting. Harry didn't have the oil pressure. I had, I still remember I'd rather spend five days in Venice than two in Rome."

"It was that bad, huh?"

Harry said, "Well, it wasn't as bad as Zurich."

Ann agreed. "We both hated Zurich. We didn't have

*Our most prominent expatriate pokes
a satiric finger at the foibles and
folly of Americans who go abroad*



The game was called being people. Select someone from the crowd, someone you don't know, and you start to have fun! As I said.

any less in French at all. It was almost as bad as Copenhagen."

"You didn't like Copenhagen, huh?" I asked.
"Does anyone like Copenhagen?" Harry wanted to know. "Would you like to hear what happened to us in Copenhagen?"

"Not particularly," I said.
"We were terribly disappointed in Amsterdam," I said.

"Almost as disappointed as we were in Brussels," Harry said. "We couldn't wait till we got out of there and got to London."

"Which?" said Jane, "turned out to be dreadful."
"The funny thing," said Harry, "I heard it, but I thought Jane liked it so I said I liked it."

"And," said Jane, "I thought Harry liked it so I didn't tell him I hated it. You can imagine our surprise when we discovered we both hated it. If we had known it as the beginning we would have left right away."

"But where would you have gone?" I asked.

"Not to Monte Carlo, that's for sure," Harry said.

"I don't see what Princess Grace does at that place," Jane said.

"You can have the entire Riviera as far as we're con-

cerned," Harry added. "Just try to get a good dry martini on the Riviera, Harry."

"I know some good places where you can get a dry martini," I said.

"You've been living abroad so long," Harry said, "you don't know what a good dry martini is."

"Well, what about Paris?" I hesitantly asked.

"The worst," said Jane. "The people are so unfriendly and the prices are high, and I don't see what there is there to spread about Paris."

"Jane said I love it," Harry said.

"You two seem to hate the same things," I said.

"Well, we know what we don't like," Jane said.

Harry said, "Europe's overrated. But we're glad we came because now we can understand why other people don't like it either."

I left the couple on the Champs Elysees. Harry was explaining to Jane why he didn't like the Arc de Triomphe, and Jane was telling Harry why she didn't like the Place de la Concorde. You couldn't find two happier people.

Traveling can become very boring, unless you can invent some games to pass the time.

I was introduced to one by an English writer. Guy

(continued on page 111)

*When you hear
lovely Brenda Bennett
read her poetry,
verse and beauty
combine to create a
new form of
poetic experience*

POET'S INTERLUDE

We first saw BENNETT at a Greenwich Village coffee house, perched on a bench reading poetry to his idly musical song song class. The poetry, we later learned, was her own and spoke of love of life and an acceptance of all human experience, whatever it might be. Her poetry was beautiful, but so was Brenda. So much so, in fact, that we invited him to pose for our readers. Brenda agreed, if his poems accompanied her portrait. We happily accepted and here on these pages is the result—the poet at home—captured by the camera's eye in a moment of repose.







EMPTY EYES

*Heads not from
tears, not ghosts*

our sorrow

*and there the road
for pity
but in the end of
empty eyes*



POET'S INTERLUDE continued



CLICHÉ

*Buttled in sunlight
open a golden cloud
Perfect Apollo
stood
tall and smiling
receiving the love
that shone in the eyes
of a child*

*Soon like trees
shaded off van
Handsome Morissey
mini
flood and were
descending the love
That shone in the eyes
of a child*

*Time brought wisdom
remember me and mine
What beautiful Men
appeared
Thoughtless yet kind
seeking the love
But I was a child
no longer*



SINÉ QUA NON

An irreverent look at life and love by France's most accomplished cartoonist

Whether as one of the great composers of Europe, Satie is best known in America for his highly successful French Car: a trenchant and satirical look at the human world. Here, however, in the *Siné* of *Paris Peux* and *L'Espresso* where his cartoons show his unusual versatility and original way of looking at life. Satie seems to have been influenced largely by two American cartoonists: Strindberg and Charles Adams. Satie to these influences he has added a twist that is profoundly his own, and the result is distinctly *Siné*—often wild, often satirical, but always *Siné* *Qua Non*.



SINÉ DIRECTS
HIS ATTENTION
TO MODERN
PAINTING



The modern painter discovers each day new ways of expressing himself. SINÉ, of course the innovator, has his own suggestions to put forth.





SINÉ has views on marriage





She makes verse by night. See page 24

On the beach—
as privately viewed
by SINE



In Denmark



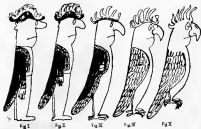
In Mexico

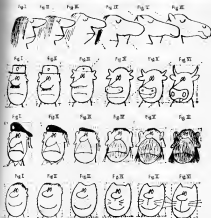


In England

In Commemoration of Darwin's Anniversary

On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the publication of DARWIN'S *ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION*, and after G. B. Sella (1882), P. Cuvier (1791), and J. G. Lamarck (1809) based their study of animal phylogenies in order to attempt a prediction as to how man will evolve in the next million years, that Sir James Mackay says and reasons for the human species (see below and to the right):





Fangio was pushing his Maserati to the

limit, taking corners without braking.

But to win, he knew he had to go

FASTER!

by RODNEY WALKERLEY

Away on the desolate, tree-stripped, dirt-gray road stretching between well-towered brick bridges against the back drop of dense pine forest, a twinkling dot gave rapidly into the dark shape of a gleaming red Maserati and the high-pitched whine of its six-cylinder engine rose in volume. As we stood watching from the bridge which spans the road as a narrow uphill left-hand curve, the car lurched towards us at 170 m.p.h. At 200 yards from us, the driver moved slightly to the right, tilted his head for a split second and then steamed it down hard. He went past in a blast of sound and a fury of elbows marking the pavement, taking the steering wheel lock-to-lock. The Maserati fluted through the curve on full-throttle almost sideways and as surely as rock. Then it was gone: dusty up the hill and became a dwindling dot on the distance. The champion Argentinian Juan Manuel Fangio had completed a practice lap on the notorious Nürburgring Ring at over 90 m.p.h.

We were staggered when we saw the silver-white 16-cylinder Auto Union roaring round the 14 miles of mountain roads at 85 m.p.h. twenty years before, and that top of racing car had no engine developing over 200 horsepower. We had just seen Fangio smash all records with a lightweight machine with only 174-hp and no superchargers and at least 30 miles an hour slower on the straight. Fangio had been rated at 9 min. 15.4 sec. by their speed through the narrowest corner at the hardest corner at Nürberg.

To understand somewhat what just means it is necessary to form a picture of the Ring, twisting and turning through the *Black Forest of the Rhine*, a wild region stretching from the Rhine westwards towards the Ar-

dennen and Elz region's forests. Mile upon mile of tangled mountain stretch away so far so the eye can see in every direction, opening here and there to gentle valleys of forested rock back from the dense forests of oak and beech and pine where it is always twilight and cold on the windiest day.

The grandstand, the pits and the paddock stand on a wide plateau some 1,000 ft above sea-level within sight of the Gothic ruins of the Hürberg castle on its craggy hilltop dominating the Ring. The race every week through a fast wide loop runs after the pits and past the back of the pits before plunging through the North Curve and downhill into the forest. Mile after mile the road winds left and right, now uphill to a Monk skyline, now downhill at dizzy speed. Five miles from the startline is the famous Fuchsbühl—where the cars fly downwards at 180 m.p.h. and then turn up the far side to a right-angle race to the crest.

Then comes a long winding descent on the far side of the ridge, down and down to the foot of the little town of Adenau, and in a long, 150 m.p.h. sweeping curve, the cars stream up a long mountain pass, twisting and turning through gentle bends and vicious curves up and up (racing cars come down to second gear on the slope) to the remarkable corner of the Karussell. This famous turn, where 30,000 spectators cheer on race day in their enclosures above, is almost a complete circle on a short radius and here the driver disengages clutch has been converted to form a short steep banking round which the cars race at over 60 m.p.h. and then catapult out on to the road again—and run to the whoa line for the next half-way round and tries to pull out early.

The next few miles twist the far ridge through the dark woods, race a dash at the road rules, now a two-green drop of a hundred feet, and here and there steep

(Continued on page 80)







SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS



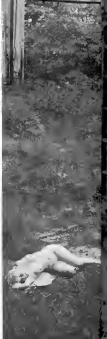
Scotland is noted for whiskey, kilts and "bonnie" ladies — now, we might add, more barons than Lady Lochnair McCloud. With a rolling burn on her fingertips and a spirit as spirited as heather on the loath, Lochnair is the ideal lady of the Highlands. So, why not join Lochnair on a tour of old Scotland? Laird's Castle. Imagine you can hear the skirl of pipes and the piping song of a lochside lark...







Lorena grew up in a tiny rural Idaho town and remembers playing among the fallen stones when she was a wee tot.









Now Lillian is a grown woman, and very nicely grown too, but she still likes to wear the tulle skirts and play





THE ODOR

India's greatest writer evokes a haunting sense of sexuality and love in this strange tale of a man's fateful fascination for a beautiful Ghatana girl

By SAADAT HASAN MANTO

IT WAS AGAIN the moonless season.

Drops of rain fell began their pattering on the leaves of the papal tree near the window. Inside lay the best bed on which a Ghatana girl had slept with Randhir.

Beyond the window, in the night's milky darkness, the papal leaves looked in the dark quivering like eunuchs. On the spring mattress of the bed the Ghatana girl had lying in Randhir like goodnight. Some hours earlier he had seen her under the raincoat from sheltering from the downpour. She probably worked in the rope factory nearby. Randhir had watched her there; he had seen where he had come for a change from the monotony of his room. He had wanted a diversion. For all afternoon he had done nothing but read the same newspaper again and again. He had detected his throat and coughed. Then had attracted her attention and he had beckoned her to come up.

For several days he had been feeling very lonely and depressed. One reason was the war, which had put beyond his reach those Anglo-Indian girls who used to come one with him for the evening and even for the night. They were not expensive and because of his English education he had preferred to date them rather than go to the brothels. With the coming of the war, some of them had enlisted in the Women's Auxiliary Corps, others had joined the newly opened dancing schools in the Fort area. As only Tommy's were admitted to these schools, Randhir had felt frustrated. His friends girls had gone off the market. The only ones available were at the dancing schools where where else was the passport for admission—nothing else mattered. This had made Randhir very lonely. He had felt that he was

lonely, educated, more refined, and brotherly than the average Tommy.

Before the war Randhir had had many a rendezvous with his girl friends of the Nagpada and Tin Malal Hotel areas. He knew more about these girls, physically, than did the Christian boys with whom they lived until they married the most pathetic of them.

Randhir had called the Ghatana girl over to his flat because he had been hurt by the one Hani had put on since her retirement. Every morning he would see her leave her flat directly below his own, in her uniform but little way out as a school girl, walking as if all power by were only waiting to spread themselves out like tacking on the pavement for her to walk on.

Randhir had often wondered why he was so attracted by girls like Hani. Was a because they made themselves physically attractive by accentuating their curves and contours, or was it for their lack of inhibition? They never felt ashamed or reluctant to their unworldly imaginations, they told stories about their former lovers, their feet instinctively tapped the floor on beating a dance tune, and as he had they were like painted models with drawings for use.

When Randhir had befriended the Ghatana girl, he did not have any intention of taking her to bed. Finding her dressed clothes, he had thought that the poor girl might get pneumonia, and had said, "Take off these wet clothes, you may catch a cold."

She had understood him, though she did not know his language. Her robe of shame had suddenly floated in her eyes. When Randhir had knelted her a dark white cloth she had hesitated for a moment, and then strongly

(Continued on page 22)



BEHIND THIS SCENE

The magazine for a magazine is probably of more interest to the trade than to the public. We like to believe, however, that our readers are more than usually interested in what goes on behind the scenes. So we take the opportunity to focus your attention on the extraordinary package of choices some of us assembled for your entertainment.

We've taken Frank Sinatra out of the Blackboard Jungle for example. Now turn on an afternoon down to enjoy famous and a devastating exploitation of it. Some of good—and last Charles Jackson of the Last Western reveals an action, happens here, as a tale of highway and the first awakening of what sexuality. Here we've gone all the way to India to bring back a biologically beautiful tale of love told against the stark background of monsoon. By Sandra Pines Blackie, constructed by many to be India's first writer. Art Lindwald prepared to have by Frank Blackie, past as two southern poets at hand, with a sympathetic glance at the monsoon. *Twelve* *discovery*.

JOHN BISHOPMAN OF FILM-MAKING fame is also glimpsed in a revealing profile that tells what makes the carelessly-taken Swede tick, and why Nor have we watched the world wry. We're brought to the

as far east as exhibited in the art world has ever seen. The *Art of Assemblage*, page 62, offers a preview of what's current, and exciting.

How TO FRANCE and a visit with Nazi-converted astronomer. His breakfast post and public w/ implies human folly on the moon since it stars sharp in the Ted's own post. French painter gambled, his also found his way into our pages (page 54, to be precise). Ted means us, to play with him, but what about

Page 10 shows the only post on our page. Steve's John Korte and his Steven Mand and Brenda DeMare Brenda (page 14) is not only a post Brenda is also a Brenda—see for yourself!

Just north of a young and surprisingly pristine photographer explores some of the strange Manhattan Project, a glimpse into the hidden side of New York from beneath the Battery to the Manhattan at a Greenwich Village party. Versatile Black Allen takes you to another point through common (and more) of

And for a final important, last page, spend an eye on the letters we have gathered for your special delight — a hyphenating help when you're in a bind. You'll not take much notice.

LOUISE NEVELSON
*Interminable boxes of found
 objects are mounted for
 this wall-size construction
 on gold-painted wood,
 from the Martin Beckman
 Gallery, New York*



JUNK ART

Here is a preview of a controversial art exhibit now touring the nation's museums

THOUGH MANY OF THE WORKS in the exhibit appear to be nothing more than objects picked up on a dump—and many of them probably were—they represent an artistic expression that has its roots in the *Do Do* movement in France during the early 1930s. Most of the works in this exhibit, however, are by American artists and are infused with the peculiar artistic vision that has made America the world leader of its today. First shown in New York's Museum of Modern Art, the exhibit traveled a faster. Though many of the thousands of people who came to the museum saw nothing more than an elaborate composition of junk, many critics linked it to a barbaric infusion of art, with the artist saying in effect: "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder and those with eyes to see can find it manifestations everywhere."



JEAN FOLLIER *Untitled (above)* is constructed from hardware items, rope, etc. on a painted wood base from the Green Gallery

EDWARD STANEKWYC *(Above right)* He is one of first to explore the shaggy possibilities of discarded hardware and other junk

GARY SEELY *Maximus Franchise (lower right)* from Bayou Gallery is typical of the sleeker metal constructions of the artist





DEVON MAID

by JOHN KEATS

*Where be you going, you Devon maid?
And what have ye there in the basket?
Ye right little fairy, just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?*

*I love your hills and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-browsing,
But ah, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a beating!*

*I'll put your basket all safe in a nook;
Your shawl I'll hang on a willow;
And we will sigh in the dairy's eye,
And kiss on a grass-green pillow*



BY THE SEA

by CHARLES JACKSON

That summer by the sea, the boy learned what it might mean to be a man

THERE WAS A BLUFF over Lake Ontario like a curve half high, windy with weeds and turf eroding over the edge, and down below, the small cove crowded to shore like a work scene, ordered from above. Several times a year great clumps went over, valuable land to be dissolved into mud and sand in the next storm. Year after year the cottages were moved back, fifty, a hundred feet, so unless you had plenty of land back of you, or moved off the bluff entirely, none you had no cottage at all. Many a lot had gone over.

At one time there had been a whole orchard of apple trees on level of our place. Now, not more than forty feet appeared out from creeps from the edge of the bluff—and at that we were the only of the other summer visitors, most of whom had either gone down to the beach or had their cottages moved so far back that it was no use any more. We ourselves would never move. Father believed in letting Nature have her way, and if our cottage went, why we would go too—back to Ardena where we belonged—and our summer vacation at the bluff would be over forever. He was perfectly

convinced and so were we. Though later when the cottage had gone, that phase of our life was finished, and it would be time to move on to the next with no regrets. So at least he said, and we, sometimes, looked forward to the change when it should come.

Our cottage was called *By the Sea*. It was a marginal place to spend the summer, spring and fall too, if you didn't mind the cold. All day, on fine days, winds sped out from the edge of the bluff, whistled downwind in the heights or above the lake, and down back again, plunging into their holes like dragon chairs. The broad floor of the lake changed color and texture as the storm and the light changed, or the wind, and sometimes, in early June, a vast strange rock shape in the north, close as a parking, speed itself across the sky and held for several hours, showing us Kingston and Canada.

A couple moved into the bluff on a cottage near ours. *Ally* and *Miss Doley* or *Norman* and *Joan* as they came to be known, were to children. *Norman* ruled a boat all day long, an overgrown boy who played only popular, well-blend, fitted somehow for his wife, an

(Continued on page 107)



A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and tie, holding a large, cutout figure of a cartoon character (resembling Bugs Bunny) behind his back. The man is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark and indistinct. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

**HOW TO
SUCCEED
IN BUSINESS**

**WITHOUT
REALLY TRYING**



to me before you in court, the next day," Charles told us early in the morning. "I will be in court at 10 o'clock." He said this in a calm, steady voice. He was the only one of the three who spoke to us in the morning. (Coffin shook.) The families "were disappointed" [I said] "to know" [he said] "early, yesterday, that they were going to be in court."

THE TITLE of this movie might as well have been "How To Succeed in Show Business—By Really Trying." While there's no doubt that Fennel and Marini's new musical SCENES IN THE HIPPOCAMPUS isn't called *My Fair Lady*, it narrowly avoids a smattering of failures where one musical might have set it plunging down to a catastrophe. A lot of its visible assets would dull the blood of a person's desire: the hippest star name is Rudy Vallee, whose ability to draw customers to the box office has been on the wane since the late Marmaduke Tammes, the score by Frank Loesser (while musically attractive) is not the kind to send audiences fleeing happily out of the theatre; the book by Shepherd Mendon (which the musical comedy is based on) is verifiably plotless, characterless and disingenuous; and the dance numbers by Rodden Fenne tend to illustrate scenes rather than depict the behavior.

Dispute this, however. How do I myself as a theoretical physicist



The company president Rudy Polak has a more modest, budget-friendly agenda: replace the 1991 TV show's original 12-





As the girl in his life, Doris Day, has a hard time connecting with Dale Hennessey

As the charming referee of Billy Wolfe, Virginia Mayo is never far from

The whole picture is a ball and a game to explore. The brotherhood of men





HOW TO SUCCEED

continued

of the very best imaginable. From the moment, at the curtain's rise, when Robert Miano descends on his window washed a platinum sceptically ridding a copy of Stephen Meade's book through the deviously planned and scandalously wrong methods he uses to get ahead in the business world on to the aptly named clumping apartment which contains the furniture in an exquisite confusion of toppling, every last foot of this show is lovingly polished to a rare diamond. Theophanes shines with wit, grace and glitz, a exhilarating and preposterous.

Much of the credit belongs to the show's star, thirty-year-old Robert Miano, whose only previous credits on Broadway were in that sitcom, *The Brainiacster and Say, Darling*. He moves like a rubber puppet controlled by twenty different strings, capable of sprouting in any direction at a moment's notice. He sings as a baritone that may aspire to achieve the delicately proper quality of unexplored ambition, and dances in the seductive fashion of a fornicator with lost passion. When he sings a love song he resembles a thin stamp yearning after a flock of pigeons, and he is also capable of the most furious kind of standing still — as a portrait the world's hottest desperation.

Bobby Valois is the highly replaced President of World Wide Workers, complaisant with power and costumes out of *Peter Pan*, and he plays his grandly naive role to the hilt. Chief surprise of the evening is an unknown, Charles Nelson Kelly, who comes through his exuberantly restless role as Red Trump, the beach aspirant. As approximately 10 o'clock in the evening when he performs a haunting murder's lament of triumph. In classic character for his very own. And when, during a temporary moment of contempt, he cries out like MacArthur, "I have achieved!" he transcends any stage in the moment, history of historical luxury.

There is no taking apart the elements that go into a huge success — on Broadway or anywhere else. It is all gone to show what trying can do for you... really trying. That is.

END

THE RIGHT PRICE

Continued from page 11

"What did you mean by that?" he asked.

"By what?"

"By everyone not thinking the way I do."

"About money? Everyone doesn't think it's that important. The driver may be thinking about other things."

"Like what?"

"Oh, for God's sake, Michael, like his family or his wife or . . . or even taking a vacation in New York one day."

"He could never afford a vacation in New York."

"In Kensington?"

"Bird never be able to afford that either."

"Well, that driver never has any job at all."

"What are you?" "Doing my morning paper every day? Must I continually compare with my own wife or children to the daily . . . ?"

"You've told me about the Madams Avenue estate. That's Peter's wife's, too."

"I'm actually sorry, but that's the way things are. If you think . . ."

"Then change the way things are! Because it's too late!"

"It's got out and they're madmen, would that not you? And will live in a lovely countryside in the And you can do wood-carving while I'm out shopping sugar cane. Would that not only your need for self-expression?"

"It's not a plan," he said, but even suddenly looked at the man behind him.

"All right, let's end it, then," he said softly.

"End what?"

"The agreement." He paused, just that. "What do you think I mean?"

"I don't know."

"They stopped work out in the center of the street."

"The agreement," he said.

"Yes, I heard you."

"Well, what do you think I mean? All I meant was the agreement."

"Yes."

"Well . . . He disagreed. "Well, let's end it all right."

"All right."

He stopped and took a tentative smile. "What you did and held for an instant."

"Would you like a drink?" he asked.

"No, it's too early."

"Well, would you like to get out of the car? These newspapers don't help at all. I'm hot. Aren't you there?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, let's get out of the car, all right?" He checked his eyes and looked up the street. "There's a plan." He turned to her. "Anticipation. That is, you're a cry."

"If you like."

They walked up the street in silence. The building was on the opposite side of the road, its lines pointed a little toward green. The open Michael had been long from a muted, wrought-iron support.

AUTHENTIC ANTIQUE

HOME JEWELRY

INTERPHARMACY-GRAND

An arrow pointed to a narrow flight of steps on the side of the building. The wall at the top of the steps was painted a shocking pink. The green of the building and the pink of the wall blended like the stars and stripes of a well-worn flag. The steps were an impression of light, sweeping, stained with brilliant sunlight. The steps rose to the pink wall, but golden hair twisted in coils with the wall and a second painted red arrow indicated the door of the shop. They checked the steps slowly, the moving with increasing frequency in the darkness when tapered shafts, for holding her elbow and moving gradually toward her, the expensive camera hanging from a leather strap around her neck. As they climbed the steps, he could not, even smiling. A man had to make a living, then, and then they reached the landing and entered the shop and were immediately blinded.

Slowly their eyes adjusted to the darkness of the room.

Two windows opened on the street outside and two shafts of sunlight penetrated the gloom. Just past the doorway, the shop was a low ceiling. The walls were hung with shawls, and shawls poured into the glass from behind the floor-covered fronts of velvet cases. A man's legs were on one side of the shop, reaching a table covered with the intricate wheels and springs of a disassembled watch, a jeweler's apprentice, a television set, a pair of tweezers. Just behind the counter

everything. Just and just permeated the shop, became the shop's life blood. Just and just stepped into every crack and corner until the shop seemed to pulse a warm pulsing sound the sound of silence and glass and hair and dust photographed.

The old man came from behind the work table, dust-colored himself, a big man wearing a white shirt and pale blue trousers which hung loosely over a loose patch. A yellow silk tie was twisted loosely about his neck. He breathed heavily as he walked toward them, his eyes searching. Dione's face and then sliding slowly to Michael who stood some three feet above her with a clean white handkerchief.

"Yes, sir," the man said. He did not smile. His eyes were dark black as a dry lake the color of dead water. His black hair turning grey, along with his forehead. The eyebrows, which were some four feet from his thick lips when he spoke. "Yes, madam?"

"We're just looking," Michael said. "For what?"

"We're just over. We . . . ah."

He had not repeated this. He had expected a more precise reply from the man, a better shop with a clean, bright inside and not the cluttered state of neglect and not the hanging door.

"Doesn't look good, sir? Or some other? Or some jewelry for the lady?"

For a moment an awkwardness crowded into the shop. Michael knew certainly that they had made a mistake, and he could see that Dione wanted nothing more than to get out of the small dark cave. Michael, for his part, was fully aware of their discomfort and would be happy to see them leave. But none of them wished to appear rude, and so they stood through the shallow passages of light and cold, no one truly searching as they set to sell the customers and what came or purpose but simply one of emptiness. A shattering blow to the almost darkness of emptiness.

"We want a watch," the man said. "This is my shop."

He stepped to his hand slowly to Michael and Michael gave a small, embarrassed smile and then dropped a shawl toward the man and extended his hand again. She took it, carefully, as if she were pulling up a television screen preparatory to dropping it on his neck. Michael held her hand as if he thought it about to his face as if it

wash basin where a spot on her blouse. He did not touch her and yet the careful, staggered delivery of his clasped hands gave that of possession as setting place was somehow a rule here. Somehow the lack of physical contact implied a greater, more intimate contact. He held her watch on his short palm and glanced at Michael who was examining the silver-plated pistol.

"That is an old French revolver," he asked Daine.

"No. It is new."

"Oh, but not in your opinion."

"I bought it a year ago."

"It has the appearance of an old French revolver."

"It is not."

"That is a German revolver," Barker said. "For the old things have greater value."

"Only in millions of millions," Daine said firmly, and Michael looked up from the pistol on his hands, startled by the unusual sound of his wife's voice.

"How much is this worth?" he asked Barker.

Gently, Barker allowed the pocket watch to return to its setting place. He turned slowly to Michael, silent and sad. "The pistol was two hundred pounds at."

"It is beautiful," Michael said.

A thin smile revealed Barker's face. "The more that you care to spend, sir."

"Oh, I won't be thinking buying it," Michael answered. "I was just curious." He signed his bagpipes, and handed the pistol case back to Barker. "Come on, Daine. What better go?"

"What?" Barker said and he held up a finger and looked again at Daine, and this time Michael saw the quick motion of his eyes and thought, *Why, the old man is staring with my wife!* His thoughts were somehow stirring and also somehow creating a vague, uneasy, slightly apprehensive atmosphere. Michael's desire to leave the shop at once.

"We really must go," he said.

"Just one moment, sir," Barker said. "I have something else to show you."

Michael turned to Daine. She raised against the dusty window looking at one after the pocket watch hanging a tattered silhouette in glowing blue a graceful, nervous silhouette from the hill of her hands held to the

long income length of her hair in the light upturned cheeks. An old smile was on her mouth. A smile Michael had never seen there before. She did not move from the counter. She kept staring at the old man as he went to one of the second cases and pulled open a heavy drawer and they several looked there with a large curved wooden chest on his hands.

"Let's go Daine," Michael said. She seemed not to hear him. "There," he said. "Let's go."

The wife answered, "Let's not that."

Their eyes met for an instant, and he thought, *Instantly like a jumping the old man's intention, but he knew the was ridiculous and yet there was the smile on his wife's face. A smile he had never seen there before!* and he wiped again at his lip with his handkerchief. Outside on the street he could hear the rapid tidbits of voice speech and laughing boys and watched them leaving the deserted premises. Barker up, pointed out the looking of all the objects in the shop suddenly registered on Michael's face. A smile that was nearly there all along but which he had only seen, the looking of his cheeks of cheer and yet a looking which was lonely, a looking which was somehow not at all connected with the passage of time but which seemed about to vanish at and render a momentary.

"Let's go," he said sharply, but Barker was standing in their path again, his whole body wedged into the small entrance way between the counter. He held out the wooden chest opened slowly at Daine and said, "Would you care to see it?"

"Thank you," Daine said, and this time there was an unmistakable tilt to her voice and she smiled one eyebrow significantly. She smiled at the old man a very mysterious smile and then she slowly lifted the lid of the chest.

The beam of sunlight from the open window caught the contents of the box, displayed the hundreds of their gold coins which were loosely made. The light of the moon was starting on Michael. He had laid on the most precious notes of value the chest contained and now that it was opened splashed with sunlight, each coin glimmering with a deep, circular life of its own, he caught his breath in wonder and surprise and unconsciously moved closer to the heavy chest as Barker set it down on the counterpane.

"Disobedient," Barker said. "Spanish gold coins. They are worth a fortune, sir." His eyes met Daine's over the open chest. There was a thin shadow of sweat on Daine's forehead, and her upper lip. The old man's mouth was twitching slightly. His hand on the open lid of the chest had begun to tremble.

"Would you like to examine one, sir?" he asked, but he did not deliver the words to Michael. He spoke to Daine, and his eyes held hers in a steady gaze now, and the steady look at him in a frozen, sleep-eyed way, but even staring the old man's eyes the open box like a challenge. Michael picked up one of the coins. It was heavy and thick, marked with Spanish lettering and the name of a monarch and a seventeenth century date. The stone was full of holes. He turned and slowly to pick them up and let them trickle through his open fingers.

"Would you like that coin, sir?" Barker said. There was a tremor in the old man's voice now.

"It is very beautiful," Michael responded.

"It is very very beautiful, sir. Would you like it, sir?"

"How . . . how much is it?"

"There is a price, sir."

"What is the price?"

"What do you think it is worth, sir?"

"I have no idea."

"It is worth a great deal, sir."

"What how much?"

"Make me an offer, sir."

"I told you," Michael said, annoyed. "I don't know how much it is worth." He had become excited suddenly and unconsciously, excited by the old man's trembling hand and by the broken smile on Daine's face, and by the dust and suffocating heat of the shop and the look of those coins, and wanted too by the light of the gleaming stone at the old wooden chest.

"I will accept a reasonable offer, sir," Barker persisted.

"I told you!"

"For two more than, sir? Would you make an offer for any of the coins?"

"If I did I know what one is worth, have you?"

"There, sir? Will you better for them?"

He looked into the old man's eyes, and he saw what was there, and the old man's meaning reached sharply into his mind, and he felt a sudden chill.

"A dozen more, sir?" Barker said.

and he looked down, and his eyes moved to the floor, covered her in his red gloves, and sometimes raised his mouth in a something worse than what we about to happen and Michael looked with a sudden shock that he would throw away, he looked down to as at the wooden floor, he looked down desperately, and it was then that he was surprised and the dust in the deep pit of terror and different smell.

"This doesn't mean, as I am willing to make I am willing to better."

Hold the single decision in his hand and he looked at the glancing heap of rain, and he felt a full body work. His fingers shaking for fear the falling of the dark hand in his own, the dust under the floor. His hands and shaking her with them out as in the old man leaning forward and whispering loudly, suddenly shouting his answer and said the words of end

as he was certain suffering from. He reached for Denny above the floor and he dropped the decision onto the gleaming pile of rain and showed just the old man. Denny reached out and to whisper and his first finger touched the length of Denny's neck just narrowly to the throat just reaching from his hand and was really deep the days into the street. Michael felt himself behind him, the experience was on a strange, from his side.

They stopped on the sidewalk. The air was still outside. Behind them the steps rose to the ugly pink wall and the building and across the hand shook as he looked for the signature on the picture of his white shirt.

He interrupted as Denny whispered and suddenly the began to shout.

"Yes!" Michael answered quickly taking his shirt. His eyes would not move from. He there was more to come."

END

BERGMAN

continued from page 31

From Ingemar Bergman was born in the Swedish university town of Upsala in 1918 the son of a Lutheran clergyman. It was a strictly religious home but not a happy one and the dull atmosphere left a deep impression on Bergman. The majority of his film should be seen against this religious background which intrudes into his plots and the lives of his characters and the decline of religion and the achievement of modernism.

"When you are born and brought into a marriage, you are bound in a very simple way to help behind the scenes of life and death," Bergman says. "Father has a General, father has a working father has a thoughtful father is writing his poems. The death was an early acquaintance and I felt a little word to give him someone else."

It was this need to give someone form to the symbols that haunted his childhood that led to Bergman's dramatic work for the theatre—the need and the remarkable moral sensitivity that he always displayed.

My grandmother had a very large

old hat in Upsala," Bergman recalls.

I was sitting under the dining room table learning to the symbols that lay beneath the apparently real windows. It was a few winters' day and I had the memory and was five years old. A game was playing as the film was done a always played different waters, and on the wall hung a large picture of "Norse." As the sunlight and shadows slide across the picture, the water began to flow in the world, the picture then from the perspective of the upper people gathered suddenly and moved their arms and heads. It was very strange, almost as strange as the fact that the sunlight is grandmother's dining room was not something but had to have something else."

One Christmas, Ingemar's older brother received a magic lantern as a present. It was a magic lantern that projected colored images onto the wall. Young Ingemar was fascinated by the toy and set about to find a way to get it for himself.

Finally he managed to win the coveted object. "I traded my memory to my brother for the magic lantern," Bergman recalls. "I was six years old at the time and my brother was 9

I have never regretted it."

His country Ingemar explained consisted of two opposing areas, left and right, among the confused each other as modern tools.

The magic lantern, which was no more than a small metal box with a pinhole lamp and highly tinted glass slides, became Ingemar's favorite toy. He spent countless hours in a dimly lit room projecting the images on his nursery wall.

In 1924 Bergman's father became blind in Stockholm and Ingemar was able to see a real film for the first time. The experience had a profound effect upon him. From that moment on he was unable to imagine a life without at least one room in a cinema pit house.

After graduating from secondary school in 1937 Bergman enrolled in Stockholm University to study natural history. However, he never held much interest for him. He alternated with the theatre just as a child to help to distract himself from his studies. The interest, he realized, was his life—the home of his life.

He left the university and turned all his energies toward film. His parents were outraged by his decision and disowned their prodigal son. For some years Bergman lived a desperately homeless life although probably quite comfortably.

"People like Bergman," says an old friend of his, "are often driven by forces stronger than the product can understand. They go to great lengths to become a writer and a writer must have knowledge of life. And so he sought experience outside the movies which eventually transcended the life of an academically educated person's life."

Ingemar lived a completely decent daily existence. Often he would sleep in the theatre as when he happened to be working, wrapped in a blanket.

"I began to know the outer limits of the theatre world the same trouble some other things on which we can could only really succeed," Bergman says of this period of his life.

But from the outside other things Bergman worked his way towards the center. After a few years he began to appear in connection with

vision, theatrical experience. He produced superior performances, worked with leading directors, and in time became artistic director at the Royal Opera in Stockholm.

His experiences proved invaluable. Working with the opera, Bergman is credited to that professional theater at the use of light and music—experience he was to put to good use in his later direction and film work.

During his stint at the opera, Bergman founded a Monday club with a student group that first attracted serious attention from the critics. The performance was described as stark and powerful. It was then that the Swedish film press came upon him to realize that they might have come too far ahead; many who had already become something of a legend because of his reputation and famous name. Carl Anders Östman, the late president of Svenskfilmbolaget, gave this description of his first meeting with the young director:

"And then, because Bergman could not go Monday, I went myself with a laugh born out of the deepest depths of silence. In a natural fashion, displayed a suitable charm to denote my that when a couple of hours were available with him, I was forced to drink three cups of coffee before I could pull myself together again."

Thus began a relationship that was to prove enormously fruitful. Drying out at the 34-year-old, Bergman was an extraordinary talent. He loved him, gave him his hand, and brought him into his group, while he perhaps lost money and fought with him too.

He has always been a problem, not only to others but also to himself, and I think he will always remain so. Drying once said about his talented protégé: "He is a high-spirited person, always passionately alive, extremely sensitive, often quite capricious, impulsive, often temperamental, without ever being reprehensible."

But Drying allowed Bergman to use the film as means of self-expression in all areas which his director in the world have done.

Bergman's first contact with film resulted in his writing "Fanny" (Directed by Alf Sjöberg; the film became the first great international Swedish motion picture after the war). In an delicate and youthful spirit of study, the screenplay was very characteristic

in nature. It was based on his early years school memories which provided the role of mother and the two youths in the story appeared by her and appearance were very close to what Bergman had been only a few years older.

"I have always felt a kind of intellectual loneliness for mankind," Bergman says. "And I have always been desperately worried by inner conflict, always my own and others, and by the fact that we should have made a tough time of it while we live. From the unknown loneliness my subjects have evolved all throughout."

It is the very personal quality of everything Bergman does that is the source both of his success and failure. Some years ago he explained this to a friend:

"If I can not talk to myself in bed, I go about in peace and quiet. I shall make something quite exceptional of the film as a medium. In a few years my pictures are going to be visible and others I am not trying to be different for the sake of originality. I totally want to capture the camera's point of

view. With the kind of creative expression I shall overcome and identify the medium and also capture the actual content as human existence."

Because his film are so much a personal expression, Bergman's work has not proceeded as any single direction. He is constantly exploring new paths along with his medium. When he finished "The Virgin Spring" for example, he was so shocked and aware that he had "to sell a pig" as a friend put it.

So he made "The Devil's Eye." Where did he discover the old, little Swedish town, a woman, showing it as it is in the devil's eye—town which the film created?

"I made it up," Bergman related calmly. "It wasn't like in old film photography."

Even so, the materials Bergman's work is really describing. There is all ways the feeling that with a very few characters they might give us well from their together. Looking back toward one of Bergman's regular screen, on place a little bit.



"It is this wandering in the mountains. He shows you the most romantic views, but you always find that the compromise for the view is an extremely steep climb."

If any trend is discernible in his work, it is a preoccupation with order and simplicity. "His clarity, concentration, the thoughtfulness and the perfection must be the pillars supporting such abstract expression," Bergman says.

His latest film, which Swedish critics unanimously call his best, is "Through a Glass Darkly."

Bergman regards this work as the last part of a trilogy in which "Wild Strawberries" and "Vagabond Spring" were the first two parts. He says: "Step by step I have gained a clearer vision of the problem of consciousness and perception. In 'Vagabond Spring' I took a detour toward a medieval legend. In the new film there is nothing that takes what I want to say."

It takes place during the course of a single day and concerns two people as we witness about a hundred scenes, portrayed by Greta Garbo, now the daughter (Harriet Andersson), the daughters (Lena Nyman and Maria Sjövald), who is a professor of medicine and his younger brother, played by Lars Passgird, who is a pupil at the Malmsjö Gymnasium, a small school. During the film the daughter tells her story.

Now 45 years old, Bergman is at the height of his creative powers. He began his career just at the early legends he has achieved a certain measure of professional celebrity. "In the early days," says actor Max von Sydow who has worked for Bergman

since his first days as a director, "before he wasn't sure what he was doing, he found it hard to control himself. But today, Bergman is totally in control. When he works there is a marvelous calm, the set is bathed in a light, everything shines there."

The new scenery is also reflected in Bergman's personality. Married again for the fourth time, his daughter is his present wife. He moved to the present situation.

"It was Adam who was made from Earth and not the other way about, as it says in the Bible. Man is mostly a supplement. It is woman who makes life human. It is the who-les-thing, it is the who has the ability to compromise."

Although he has received many generous offers to make films abroad, Bergman has consistently refused to leave Sweden. He claims he makes stomach cramps at noon as he goes to a place going further than Copenhagen. "A stomach," he says, "should not be restless. I have my roots in Sweden and it is here that I want to do my work."

Bergman looks forward to the time when people will no longer be concerned at his work. Then he plans to leave film and theater and open his own drama school. Bergman is very much aware of the tradition of Swedish drama and feels he has a responsibility to further this tradition.

"We must take part of our tradition, not to be impressed by it, but to be faithful to it," Bergman says. "Only in this way can the art of theater and cinema grow as a new expression of the human experience." **ENP**

a clear blue sky. The sun was hot, but up at the start a cool breeze cooled the temperatures as the great grandstand it was perfect weather for motor racing. All around the circuit the crowds thronged the paths. The stands and terraces were a swirling mass of humanity. British and American audiences gathered mainly for the evening. The national flag flew above places from Great and West Germany, Belgium, Holland, France and Italy. The visiting nations at the restaurant under the grandstand took orders at half a dozen languages.

There was excitement in the air. The Fargo World Champion for the fourth time had lapped at 10:20 p.m., no less than 14 sec. faster than the owner crossed at the previous year, and an other driver had at lapped at speeds higher than that 10 1/4 m.p.h. record. Mike Hawthorn, in the Ferrari, must have lapped only 1 sec. slower than Parnis. No more than Parnis. Collins, Don Nelson (Maserati), were all with Parnis at the front row at the start. Next up were Tony Brooks (Ferrari), Harry Schell (Maserati) and Surtees (Ferrari). Nelson as No. 1 Parnis was at the third row with Brian Lister-Thomas in No. 1 Ferrari.

The Maserati, taking here for the first time, was too lightly sprung for the circuit, which is rough in some places, and jolted and veered unpleasantly although the power and speed were there. Parnis then the standard Maserati for the field, started at the low-chamber Formula model. The Ferraris (two sets took the start) were using oval front springs for the first time—and were handling well.

The Maserati came to the starting grid with their fuel tanks full. The saving in weight improved their road holding and increased braking and acceleration. Parnis's gearbox made his main stop down full-throttle for more fuel, and relied on his overpowering Ferraris sufficiently to gain time for the stop, which, being slow down, he started speed again would not in fact a minute of losing time. The Ferraris started with tanks full for a necessary race their strategy: to keep within one circle of Parnis and then lose him at the pit stop.

Then a longer seven laps of testing were again introduced as a race of 11 laps followed and now into the main of the Brooklands as a solid traffic jam at 100 m.p.h. Hawthorn led them in their

FASTER

Continued from page 27

hills. There are very few places on the Ring where you can get a wheel off the road and get back again.

Two miles at this moment series of corners and dips brings the cars through the Weather Test double corner and then on onto the only straight—the 3-mile run back as open country on the crest of a ridge where the track stretches deeply over two ridges and ends with the starting climb up to the first crest of the start and finish—and then off over again. It means to

make the 112 miles of the Grand Prix. Learning this Ring takes years of practice and racing. Its many corners look alike and are not. A tip talks about ten minutes' test that is around 45 m.p.h. which means that each stage on the grid, for adjustments, plotting some numbers before a new driver can handover himself with the 300 corners of the long racing.

On Sunday, August 4th, of 1951, the Ring was gay with flags and hot cars. Nations hung in their colors in

burning driver with arms waving like bats as he clung the machine almost sideways through the curves, slipping the front fender, leaving bumps from the ledge clear, the tires peeling black rubber smoke from the wheels as they screeched and scudded on the road. This was no calm, quiet Fanger today. He was driving the pace of his life to keep out that jet stop.

There was a spin in the Fanger pit. The two drivers no longer needed the spin of the Fanger's cog and the frantic prearrangement of the limited pit-stall. They could see Fanger behind them now and smiled with a shock that he had stopped and the jet stop that should have been the pit and was sitting in for a spin. And that day no man was a match for Fanger.

On the frontward lap he closed on him, then he cut off his own lap around the track and around at the staggering speed of 94.54 mph and moved only 1-100. Behind Peter Collins 4 sec. behind Mike Hawthorn. This time round he was up with them, having to put. He tried on the North Curve, dropped back a couple, beat them later than ever for the North Curve, stopped inside Peter Collins. Fanger passed and led by a couple.

On the divided track of the road race Collins lost and here again he had a spin. In later Fanger drove on the main straight with a spin wheel on the pole and steered through some more and as he drove about a great wheel hung a spin which crashed Collins' goggles and fell into the lap. Collins covered the car with one hand while he struggled with hand to hold off the goggles and then, when recovered, he had fallen out of the spin had a margin behind him over those rule corners ahead of his other team mate, Long Mace, holding fourth place.

They were half way round the last lap but now Hawthorn's Mike Hawthorn was so close a little more speed out of his car. Gone were the engine speed limits, cut-off points and jerking levers, but Fanger was there in the corner taking his corners without looking at all, only the car's own skill and engine power defying the car's speed that was trying to beat his car off the road like a spin in the road.

continued on next page



In the grandstands we were all so wet from watching the championship 100-meter relay of the women which down the progress of the leader round the course. Then came the high-jumped stunts of the Olympians "Pumpkin" The event (this had happened) Not even Bandier, who had round Pumpkin wheel to wheel and basket him at 100m, could move off the course yet. The blizzard was by with Hare-shorn, bounded at his wheel alongside, possibly to feel the pace in faster belt straighten again. On the last lap he held

Pumpkin but could get no closer. They leaped the final ten three lengths apart and as they faded over the ten, my line to the top of clearing the blizzard was 23 sec. as from after 23 to finish of record breaking straightened 112 meters at an average speed faster than the previous single lap round.

And, as he moved from the leading position over the course of the jubilation yet still, the champion pressed that down 23m and shook his head. "I will never drop like that again," said for the last time in my tale. (1940)

and had swept through his mountain now and old.

For eight nights Bandier and the girl had been forced together by the storm; they had merged into each other and slipped down to halcyon days where they had been remembered into past scenes, a time when they thought would be perpetual in spite of its transience, and still and stable even though there were fluctuations. They had been like a little bird that went into the blizzard of the city, higher and higher, until a tremor of movement did.

Bandier was breaking with the cold that had entered from every pore of the Chinese girl's body, but he had not been able to escape it. It was like the fresh smell of earth spilt with water—but no, the odor was different. It was not an earthly smell like that of lavender or other, but something strange and eternal like the silence, deep that has existed between man and woman since the beginning of time.

Bandier found perspective. After a bath he usually preferred his trousers or used dishcloths. It was surprising that he had found the hairy scrubs of the Chinese girl many times—yes, many times—and had felt no revulsion. In fact, it had given him a peculiar feeling of pleasure. The way he in the complete darkness with perspective had given off the same light that had been observed and yet so warm and intimate. Bandier had felt that he knew this child, that he recognized a familiarity it, but he could not do more than to accept the

she had haunted his dirty course lighter since (which by the time she the world passed collapsed) around her legs, she had softly covered her thighs with the cloth. She had then tried to take off her night dress by opening a tiny knot, almost embedded in the deep and narrow hollow between her breasts.

That wet-out robe had peeled at the top and, from several inches, had half failed to follow in its shape, did half reveal something to Bandier in blizzard which means "What are I to do, a world open?"

Bandier had no choice, he had not and misapprehended the fact. But when he had lost his glasses, and groping the straps on either side of the back, he had given a sudden jerk. At once the string had snapped, and his hands had reached over his breasts, which had some something else with. For a moment Bandier had felt like a dog, but, being freshly touched they who had suddenly reached her legs on the Chinese girl's chest. His hands had the plump, the most supple, and the cooling warmth of words that have put down all the past's wheel, (spinning and round-colored) they had above daily with a strange glow which seemed to come from a luminous layer beneath his translucent skin. His upturned hands had looked like hands lit at the bottom of a muddy pool.

It was again the sense of time. Beyond the window the paper leaves had all passed with time. The Chinese girl's closed two-year dress was on the floor in a filthy heap. The girl had, along to Bandier. The warmth of her

moist uncurled body had reminded him of a hot bath in water in a filthy public house.

All night she had clung to Bandier as if they were one. They had hardly exchanged a word or two for their joining was so complete in their legs and hands were exposed. All night Bandier's hands had touched her breasts, like the curves of his breast occasionally, her dark nipples with their coarse grain and the half nipples that refused and curled a breast that would speak through her body and consciousness itself went to Bandier.

Bandier had experienced with sensory knowledge of touch and was familiar with the distinction between the two. He had spent many nights with girls, sleeping their way or with breasts against his own. He had slept with all sorts of girls, simple and cultured ones who gave him information about their families that he might should know, and the type who have all the physical beauty of a fool and would not let their chest be touched. But the Chinese girl who had come up to his face from her chair or under the tented bed had been quite different.

All night Bandier had touched a strange skin from her body as other hands explored and pleasure. He had sought her in his attempts to her breasts, down and in every other part of her body when it could provide him with the best thought that he would never have felt the warmth of the girl but for the skin which had penetrated every layer of his mind

It was morning was back again.

Bandier looked out of the window and up to the ceiling paper leaves, looking at the rain, the sound of their ticks and paper merging in the air, accepting. The night was dark and fresh death but of the darkness that seemed to have absorbed some soft, dark grey light washed down from the stars by the raindrops. The night was the same when there was only cold but in the room, but now in other lay inside it, in the corner where a new dream took.

It was again the sense of time, the sense of marriage.

The raindrops were lighting the stars of their daily life, but the atmosphere was filled with the strong perfume of home. One of the beds

was stupid. On the other lay Randolph looking beyond the window at the glaze of the sunbeams on the ceiling paper leaves. By the table was a sallow-pale girl who had fallen asleep trying unsuccessfully to doze her midnight. Her red silk slippers lay on the other bed and one of its dark red cords dangling by its side. Also there on the bed were the other clothes of which she had been stripped, her gown short and torn and buttons to match the shadowy hair becoming undisturbed, and slippers all white and, marriage red, and coated with foam.

Gold powder lay on the girl's breast like little dust. The blurring makeup on her face is necessary of gold dust, powder and rouge was like a pulled mask of death like creamy hands were blotched with the color of her red hairdress.

Her breasts were as white as milk, a white more than a faint tinge of blue. Randolph glanced at the girl several times and thought: "It seems as if I have just pulled out the milk from a mouse and left her red." But she had wrinkles on her body like pink, red marks on bricks and pottery. When Randolph had examined the coat of her night-dress trousers, he had felt the ridging on the soft back of her back and breasts, and the colored complaint felt around her waist by the cord of her chamber. A heavy and sharp edged gold necklace set with pearls, had fastened her breast as if a had been scratched widely with nails.

It was the same music of the moon-sound.

Caustic raindrops were falling upon the cold delicate pupil from Randolph heard the familiar patter throughout the night. It was a pleasant music. A cool breeze was blowing, but it ceased with it the sound of leaves. For a long time Randolph's hands stroked the girl's breast while he thought. They brushed her breasts gently, like the scales of the bronze. His fingers moving over her soft milky body felt tracing threads and stored suppressed passions. When he pressed his hand to the girl's breast, every pore of the body heard the beating of the girl's strained stomach—but where was that note that call of the Chinese girl's voice, which had been more compelling than the cry of a walking body that cry which had gone beyond the limits of

sound and for him, somewhere, had become a mysterious perfume.

Randolph was looking out through the bars of the window. Close by, the rapid heart was beating, but he was trying to look beyond, far beyond them, at the business just closed. They had a strange glow like the one that had burned in the Chinese girl's breast a glow that was hidden like a secret object but yet was detectable.

By the side lay a girl whose body was as white as those streaked with milk and glow. Her sleeping body gave off the perfume of honey, which had now grown faint. Randolph felt a sudden aversion for this drug perfume. It had a peculiar way, like the mass of the mouth after fighting—overcome and soiled.

Randolph looked at the girl by the side, the breast her chest covering her body like white, marked green of

some milk flowing without life in a colorless liquid. His eyes were permeated with the color which had radiated offensively from the body of the Chinese girl. It was an odor lighter but more penetrating than the odor of honey marking the ordinary organs without even the stains of the breast.

Randolph raised and again looked the sallow body of the girl. The hand measured numbers, there was no expenditure more. His new bride the daughter of a magnate is graduate the heartbreak of the loss of her college, had tried to kindle the momentous interest. In the drug perfume of honey like, he continued to grope for the odor of the Chinese girl, the color he had absorbed from her unswathed body in their very days of the moon music, when the pupil leaves had looked on the rain. END



"You're absolutely right, Mr. Cramer. It just doesn't go with this poem at all."



THE LAST WORD

Movies

sirs: I would like to offer a very large Hallelujah for William Zisser's *My Adventures in Reel Life*. Years ago, before I stopped going to the movies, I could never figure out why that vague feeling of nausea developed when I did go. Zisser made it clear. So I raise my glass of Bromo Seltzer to the one perceptive movie critic in America.

James R. Fox
Allentown, Pa.

sirs: . . . Movies may not be better than ever, but judging by Zisser's very funny article, movie critics certainly are.

Esther Ferguson
Chicago, Ill.

sirs: . . . Will you please tell me why a man spends his life reviewing movies when he obviously hates every one of them? Isn't this taking money under false pretenses, or at least biting the hand that feeds him?

Albert Andersen
Dallas, Texas

The Babe

sirs: First of all, let me thank you for the fine article on Babe Ruth. It's quite true that circumstances led to the Babe's almost unique place in American legend, but those rough edges the author talked about are what we need in our country today. We have become slaves to a vague idea of what society wants us to be, and personality in the old sense has almost disappeared from our public figures. Yes, the Babe can still teach us a lesson and not only about baseball.

Harold Friend
Los Angeles, Calif.

sirs: . . . A very perceptive article. But the author did not draw the obvious conclusion. In today's world, the Babe would be looked upon as a slob, a bad

example, an ignominious, and a fool.

John Oscar Williams
Newark, New Jersey

Excursion in Reality

sirs: I can't deny that Evelyn Waugh is one of our finest prose writers. His *Excursion in Reality* (SCENE, February) is a really first-class job. But the title is misleading. Should be *Excursion from Reality*. That so-called movie-making world that he writes about just doesn't exist.

James Calder
Hollywood, Calif.

sirs: I agree with Jean Shepherd's indictment of some of America's more flagrant grotesqueries (*He Talks By Night*, SCENE, February). But his cure is worse than the ailment. Shepherd's extremes are at least as bad as the results of the "creeping meatballism" he fights against. Night people, indeed.

Ada Baumgarten
Miami, Florida

sirs: . . . How about the "creeping infantilism" of some of Shepherd's own comments. I've heard him on the air, so I know.

Alan Franklyn
Bronxville, New York

Gallie Virtues

sirs: Vertes has scored again (*It's All Mental*, SCENE, February). That's the kind of digging I really dig.

Peter Gardner, Jr.
Yellow Springs, Ohio

sirs: We're all sick, and Vertes is our prophet.

Ron Ordman
Minneapolis, Minn.

Weegee

sirs: Weegee is wonderful (Weegee's Women, SCENE, February). A genius.

He's the only man who can be satirical with a camera and bring it off.

Ben Martbe
Detroit, Michigan

sirs: . . . Weegee's Elizabeth Taylor is a gem. I've framed it . . .

Frank Dietrich
Phoenix, Arizona

Sympathy

sirs: Leonora White's gripes about Madison Avenue (*Maid on Madison Avenue*, SCENE, February) strike a sympathetic chord here. One of my recent jobs called for modeling lingerie. The result: a photograph that could have been added to your story.

Yvette Sweeten
New York, New York

Yvette may have a gripe, but not us. Nor our readers either, we suspect.

—Editor



continued from page 29

structure yellow-haired women and they who did not share her hair-lens's spirit, as the other people of the field. The women sometimes hardly always alone as walked along the field, as lay in the grass reading. Often she would disappear entirely from the field for a while afternoon, and only I knew where she was.

Our cottage was the last on the hill, the furthest to the west. Back of us and to the left, the field fell away to a steepish slope covered by a scrubby pine and to cross through which a path or two had been found or made by hewymen and villagers exploring the terrain. The slope broke off half a mile away to a flat, slightly several hundred feet square filled with weeds and tall grass and sandy brown rocks—another field not used. I could see this area from the backwash of the upstairs porch. And the hill, not surrounding anywhere back of the field, it looked pale and clearing in a field of wheat. How deep the grass was there, how comfortable the soil—how fascinating a place it could become—I didn't know till Joan Dakey showed me.

I saw her go by our cottage and down the slope through the weedy grass. I got up on the backwash and watched her go, her white dress down gliding in the dark of the weeds till the slope itself changed her. Some minutes later there was the white of her dress again on the wheat-colored patch of the clearing. It moved slowly across the pale region like a small

light and delicately as if the magic, disappeared—went out.

I peered up the field planes and toward them on the clearing beyond the steep woods I could see nothing but the wild daisies and tall weeds, the stumps and rocks, that littered the clearing. Perhaps I had lost track of the exact spot where she disappeared so I crossed the field again. There was no trace of her. I knew, of course, that she was long down—making, probably missing herself, or taking a nap—but it was odd that she could not be seen. I turned back to my book, and an hour or so later, Joan Dakey came up the slope, carrying with her the light of the field, looking hot and tired.

The next afternoon when she was here again, I waited and watched, mark again my mind as best I could the precise spot in the clearing where she seemed to drop out of sight. Then I went down the backwash of the cottage and started out.

The field was tougher than it had seemed from above, and bigger, but it was still no more than a clearing in the forest. I stood on a stump near the edge and surveyed the ground. I could see no one in the field. I turned and looked back up over the slope toward the tall trees and the upland points—there was the only thing on the hill visible from here—that of course that told me nothing. I could not picture the appearance of the clearing as I had had it from above, and therefore a to-practical act. So I started carefully and silently

across the field, almost tripping on the tall grass.

I had reached the far edge and started back again in another more oblique direction, when all at once my feet were caught by a glen of wheat to the left. Instantly I dropped down and gradually but fearfully—fearful for my reasons, the situation—crept forward. Through the tall grass I saw a blur that was not of the field. I approached as near as I dared—after a moment I suddenly saw that I had hoped—and there before what was to draw me back again, confusion or no other confusion, that moment.

It was Joan Dakey—all it was until I looked at her. For in that instant the become moment was withdrawn from the world I knew—and she was lying naked. Her white dress—there lay in the grass beside her, and there too were her breasts and legs. Remarkably her head's expression was opened eyes, and mouth—how odd it looked!—was a small, sharp, almost blank, hardly suggest that my position before. What it was about there I did not think to ask myself. I barely saw it as the other objects.

Her right arm was raised toward her head, the forearm lying across her eyes. There was a blue shadow in the temple, marked with short, coarse lines. One breast was almost hidden but by the tilt of her arm the other dropped sideways toward the grass, its rounded weight looking heavy and soft, looking also with some sense life of its own. She was free. Except for the wide pink nipple, it protruded out of a row of hollows. I had once held under the breast and



I knew if I was to retain my sanity I'd have to find some way to keep myself busy.

filled with water, that so would a roll and tell us my hand could I but hold it in. I had held and loathed the filled balloon, looking on, pressure shift and yield with the pressure of my fingers.

Beneath the breast the flesh gave us comfort that still, as they sat eye-to-eye, seemed about by decorative masses of timber and lovely fat, which curled upon a slightly rounded and fuller than I had noticed in women generally, as in Joan. Daisy herself dressed and standing up. And when the lights began, at the very pattern, there was the little puff of flesh, the mountain pillow, the small three-pointed cushion worn like with yellow-brown hair that lay orderly and smooth, like pine needles covering nearly only the tiny curved shell—is it the golden patch had been applied by the touch of some precise and immaculate painter.

Now a two was out of place, not one stood up from the others to start the luminous peak of the shape. The gold began in a straight row like the jaw on the edge you could see each and without any hair separate and distinct—like the roots of hair of the woman in Japanese prints, where a thousand scarcely visible lines merge at once into the solid black of the creases. So it was here. The golden triangle was edged with the markings of an ink, incised beginnings, which yet grew so intimately together that it seemed if you did a shade of gray beneath you could lift it up all at once pure, like a cup.

Visually I recall the picture complete and see it clearly now as I saw it then. Through a child's eyes, but how my mind as feelings reacted, I do not know. I only remember thinking—not yearning—that here were places to pillow one's head, as the curve of the arm, laying your cheek on the soft slope above the breast, or between them on the broad luminous belly, or lower still, on the swollen leg, around stuff and its vast little peak that of all surely would be the thug, looking softer and smoother and more lovely to touch than flesh ever was before. I lay staring and sleeping—not seeing at all now as I dreamed, pillows, of the breast. It was almost as if Joan Daisy were weary of my presence, permitting the glances of what life could hold up was for a boy when the end other softness were gone.

Suddenly the alarm clock set up its

(Continued on page 42)

MORE FIVE-CENT QUESTIONS

Here are more questions for which we desperately need answers...by STEVE ALLEN

EVER SINCE STEVE ALLEN appeared on these pages with his *Quarison Man* jokes, we have been deluged with requests for more of the same. Steve is happy to oblige. But he insists that you stick to the rules of the game. First, read Answer 1, then turn the page for the corresponding numbered question. Do the same for Answers 2, 3, and 4. Ready—let's play.

ANSWER 1

Eli Whitney.

ANSWER 2

Igloo.

ANSWER 3

A shot in the dark.

ANSWER 4

Daisy Mae.

NOW TURN THE PAGE ➡

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS FOR THE ANSWERS ON THE PRECEDING PAGE

1. Name some cotton-pickin' tender.



2. What do you use to keep an ig from falling apart?



4. Do you think Datsun will?



3. What is a difficult way to give pencils?



into silence on the grass. It rained for several seconds before she started to leave. Then an arm manifested behind it all. I glanced that to the ground and backward, pushing myself to the very edge, and started slowly off in retreat. When I thought it was safe, I ran to a straight red, bare dwarfed tree from the field.

I had regained the field and the up-iron pond when Louis Duboy came up the slope. Seeing her stop-out of the woods by our cottage, I could not help this play was the woman I had watched in the clearing, she had been known—Nancy or Helen—Bigger playfully even, than the woman passing before my neighbor of the field. I looked at the last word face, she then, down face, the slender waist with its white laces, her left the blouse—the blouse that reminded me more than any boy's shirt. I was filled with doubt. Had she been larger than life now then, and was the wire reduced to human proportions, like my mother as stretched to fit into a narrow dress bought as a joke? I repeat knew these questions were absurd, yet I could not but find a point left in them.

I would find out, of course, how well I remembered of her face. Whether the war my memory faded me, except in degree. When I reached the clearing, the same afternoon, she lay in bed, and seemed to be Louis Duboy as I kept near. Looking at her now, I realized that yesterday I had seen nothing, I had been too wrapped in spring, not the dried, morning and looking for the things I did not know. I had looked too closely at a woman, never far at all. None the appeared as all her woman's naturally unconscious of the beauty she gave up to the sea, a female.

Under my distrust between, then was an stuffed sphere. The shape was larger with taller grass, then I had noticed before, swelling over and the pressure, with no uniform part or marks to mark the soft hollow and randomness like lay on her side, and her top now above the rim by the length of her forearm higher from the ground than her shoulder. My father and siblings I had enjoyed, were tried down the middle the hollow was of below, as spreading legs round belly, and wide thighs. I thought of my own body late body, and eyes away.

Up to the clearing in the brush. I looked her white blouse that I knew the color of my own skin. It was different at different times, yellow when at just what or gold with shadows of blue. More than color, though, it was light, for the flesh glowed in the sun as if he from within. Once, sitting in the shadow of my house, suddenly I noticed that I could hear the clock, rather as the woods.

I cannot say how what went on in my head during those afternoons when I lay with Louis Duboy in the grass, all her side by side. Sometimes I did not even look at her. Stretched out on my back, I gazed into the sky, feeling her presence there as I dreamed she did mine. When the alarm clock rang out, I started up, and before she rose up I would be there of the field. At night as lying at my feet, I woke and thought of the afternoon. I got out of bed and went to the window. The Duboy cottage like my own, was dark, but I knew which room was her bedroom and how

she looked in the lay there in the darkness. I would see her come out on her porch to see what the day would be. I could have told her, for she did not watch the weather as early and eagerly as I.

My father got on well—discovered, that is, that I had not been seen for some days at the bay. Why was I always missing about? he called as why didn't I go along and play with my brothers, or go walking—what was the best? The idea of my lying alone as a female, a growing boy—as considering down among those dripping, misty, green where there was the good sunlight and the water to play in both later and boy.

I was not self-conscious about being a solitary kind of a wife called to my at bedtime. I didn't consider it "mooing", for when Father asked me for a sentence I was released of the habit that looked so useless and stupid to my parents. That day I made a great point of going to the bay with my



Twelve years after—and she then had a dinner table in all—I made the

The boats came by, passing the so-called hole, and Marston, leaning in the water, called "Where you down, anyone?" I sat the statue to ride the boat, while watching the obscuring and red Marston's happy grin. He got in at our boatroom, for Father had beckoned to him, and I saw him climb out and go inside. My boatmen got about and went on. When the water was smooth again, I turned toward the boatroom, paddling furiously now, and then holding the paddle in the water as a rudder to see how far I could drift. The canoe did swing along and light—I would reach the dock without another stroke.

The boatroom was open at the bow and, apparently, I could see as this object in my wide position of one reflected from the water, as others and nothing, floored with little bobbing light. The canoe was just making it. I reached for the dock and seeing the prow around to flank the boatroom entrance. As I drifted across the opening, I saw my father standing and smiling, his wet shirt on the floor as he sat. Marston was leaning against the outboard, staring at the green water of the dock.

It was the first time I had ever seen my father naked, as naked as my skin. There was something wonderful and lovely about him. (Daley being naked in the green, unrelated to others or people or all at my trap, parts like a statue on a marble, the same pure, for being a woman and human; but in my father's nakedness there seemed only beauty. She had been all light in nature and glowing, his was a figure marked everywhere by parts of her and dark pigmentation, or marks too faint and gray to remember.)

Looking him, his nakedness was not even naked. It was strong, as it were with the sphere of the torso. The dipping ridge of his chest with the black, tight nipples on it, rolls of hair, the last of her that ran down his muscle to the wrist and again to the palm. (Thinking to a black thread, coarse as steel

wood, the legs gray with damp hair, beaded every which way by the rough crawling, stone all the dark still water of the grounds so much darker than the sunned bottoms—at my ankles) now age, these appeared only violence, ugliness and savagery.

I was shocked and fearful for my mother. I could feel that I should myself become like this and be fearful to another, a child or a woman. It was a system and meaning that the body would be so exposed as statement, so undisciplined in purpose and action. And yet in the matter of conduct, I admitted I acted a little guilty in being a boy that would become a man—and with advanced satisfaction I reached the small light boat back for notice, the single that contained the aggressive forward-bowing trunk and the arm-retracted which ran straight how they would touch and grasp. With a question, I had not felt before, I looked forward to my last was to the clearing in the forest.

As sitting, my father in a chair then, with a cup at the head of the table, he had smiled warmly and he did open, waiting for our words, opened immediately and good—no more, not—and easily enough much more, only that he had appeared in the boatroom. Then, stopped at his dishes, he had been so distinct, here he was, our person, symbol of all that we have needed to become.

It may have been more than a week before I was able to go down behind the bluff again. My father was still complaining about the way I had been in the boatroom, on the system, perhaps or wonderful, suddenly about in the fields beyond the bluff, and so, to keep my upper lip open, more time at the bay, considering to how I would the activity of my brothers.

One afternoon, after talking more that my father was nowhere about—during some time Daley go by on horse earlier while we were still at landward, left the village and descended the slope toward the clearing in the forest, it beheaded my name, like a house. I was in the

hurry, there was plenty of time, I knew what I would find there, waiting for me and that it would be the same as always. Then, by the pleasure of my name to the clearing, each new step improved what, in a few moments, I had completed was accident or accident, so convinced that would never change again. Thus the delight even surprised, as feeling him there, possibly, to hold on.

It was not to hold on and never would be again. Something happened then, afternoon, something came to my notice, that former mirrored the former, someone, showing a boy a closed stream. Now and knowledge the man our neighbor of the bluff, from Daley with his clothes off, naked for me.

I said that something came to my notice, but could it have been that I came to me? Perhaps, I only thought. She stood in the grass on a bank of longed miracle, and there happened what had never happened before—or else I had my left in that I was drawn now, my heart stopped, and I stared at there as I stood, to see the before.

In some mystery in my beyond my knowing, my emotion and excitement may have reached out to him. (Daley himself, too now the usual, his skin and had them, others, his eyes, as if in a dream. And a good sleep, I heard the night, his single bare foot at my feet) and the last feeling of the dock.

I hugged the earth, but suddenly she was pressing that, the embrace of the ground—was sudden and vast. For an instant I seemed to rise, helpless as space to float but to float nowhere, something reflected every form on the small of my back, my arms and legs were gone, the day faded up like in gas and I thought I would die. I lost sight of everything, even the sun as I plunged in the grass again, and his movements I did see as motionless halos.

It was more than moments. When I looked up again I could not believe what I saw to be true. Was it possible that last Daley had got up and gone away—could the others have fled, and I not know it? (And it slips as long and calculated as that?) The clearing was alive with light and green, and there was the grass, green the red yellowed where Joan Daley had been so many summers—where she had been, long for a moment before—again now. It was not possible but it was so.



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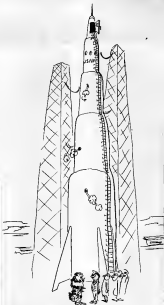
Then the explanation (surprising, but reasonable) she had been out from Daisy had got up and downed she had passed within a few feet of where I lay thus down on the grass. What could she have thought? Had she been surprised? And the result? My secret was not to be got a secret, much alone. It was done and done.

That thought woke me again, this night out of a sound sleep. It was not being together, and it seemed only one thing she would rather stay away from the sleeping, however alone, or— but I could not think of that other possibility. I lay as the shark, and felt my body grow tense and hot as I remembered the afternoon. I got up and went to the window. There, about five cross ways—lighted side and again by distant but vivid flares of light—was the cottage where I was. Daisy lay sleeping. Oh was she, too, awake? Was she lying on the deck, as I had been, wondering what the next afternoon would bring, wondering whether I would return to the township or the forest?

For all this lightning-colored night there was a candle along the rim of the lake. It was back a foot, listening to the rustling of the storm. Finally a lucky lightning is struck back and forth across the sky, thunder crashed upon the hill and reverberated about the cottage like an earthquake of rocks was broken as the pump, and I lay on the field deck, thinking only of the dark green of possibility and before. Would it be day and the summer, would she be there?

When I was opening the window in the morning, my father appeared before me. I walked back, walking in the quiet toward the edge of the hill. He looked over down to the lake. For some time, then, he moved back and forth along the edge, looking at the half-mooning forest a field stamping now and again to see if it would give. It was not moved. He did this often, measuring the possibility of our losing more land that today after the development and the storm, he seemed more concerned than ever and looked longer at it, with worried concentration. As he wanted to come in, I could not be so concerned with what he had found.

As breakfast he said, "Well, Mother, I guess we're not going to be able to keep the Box much longer. Certainly not through summer. It's good and was washed away last night." There



"I'm afraid of heights"



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INSIDE SCENE

SCENE'S WORLD TOUR—ARGENTINA

THE RIGHT PRICE BY EVAN HUNTER

NEW YORK—THE UNDERWORLD PEOPLE

ON TOUR WITH ART BUCHWALD

INSIDE INGMAR BERGMAN

A SHORT STORY BY CHARLES JACKSON

CARTOON SATIRE BY SINE





MEN ARE TALKING ABOUT...



STUNNER: COLE SPOKE
STUNNER: JAMES BROWN

art and by a film agreement — and that that is almost certain." Collector Alfred W. Endicott paid \$300,000 for the Rembrandt in 1934. A statement made by an unknown purchaser of the new Fabrik announced apt King of Kings: "I thought it was slow to open, but it opened up like a champagne bottle Sunday and Easter." The new Swedish outfit (see photo) called The Master of Food starring lovely Monica Wahlsten, who is being called the "Swedish Greta Garbo."



STUNNER: JAMES BROWN

Men Are Talking About . . . Jean Harlow, the latest in a long line of successful scandalized talk-showers. Now touring the college talk-show circuit, Jean Harlow has taken into prominence one year ago when she appeared in the Niagara Falls Festival. She came in a house with her name painted on the side, her long black hair flowing halfway down her back. On stage she captured her audience with a come-out surprise and a startling look which she projected the wrong emotional appeal of her stage. Niagara Events promptly signed Miss Harlow to a contract and her first two of hours were scheduled for her first in a more interested in her feelings than in her own. "I can't be just doing along the way and suddenly it hits me. The whole mystery of the world, hands fall on my head. I feel a mixture of horror, horror and then good joy." It is this quality which Jean projects in her audience, through a promise which from the day not understood.

Men Are Talking About . . . The second \$1.5 million paid for a Rembrandt by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art is just going to prove what the experts have been saying all along. That

Men Are Talking About . . . The new edition of Louis' page by John Doe says that in Hollywood, some of the years that passed on the block provided a great history about Fox and Hollywood: the U.S. Navy picked up a submarine for its Lark submarine class, a middle-aged woman bought an electric chair for \$50 but failed to specify what she was going to use it for on an unattended man bought two glass bottle chambers that were used in a house down to down men who live, but in an unattended pool swimming room—the national Canadian Police Bureau who claims his family was so poor that he was made a fugitive.

Men Are Talking About . . . Latest addition to the Tenth Ed that is quickly becoming the century One (possibly) public manifestation for already happened in the first stage with a public that. "There's nothing, not to you." Miriam Minkoff, writer from Texas, who is beginning to let her mouth. Miriam's unexpected reaction of this was shown from her looking at the audience when she opened.

Men Are Talking About . . . Producer Joseph Levine (Steve Brown) said who says he has had it with the "open and closed" movement from now on.

For a planning to go heavy on the top eye you. As his first example of a strong muscular physique for the muscular necessity for a starting work on a simple situation of a book that Harlow play to be denied by Winston DeSoto and star Stephen Levine. Steve Levine's latest hit date, Tenth First is a good and sophisticated and shows off the new French scene to perfection. The "new" eyes that are sweeping look bright and strong. Steve Levine's latest hit date, Tenth First is a good and sophisticated and shows off the new French scene to perfection. The "new" eyes that are sweeping look bright and strong.

Men Are Talking About . . . A new French movement that should delight the public eye. Called a "Public" (see photo) the public movement of two rubber balls equipped with plastic paddles that can only keep you silent (see photo) you forward when you work the crank handle.



*She was lovely—
and so were the doubloons.
It was only a question of...*

THE RIGHT PRICE

by EVAN HUNTER

THE great brown pools of the royal palmamas were shimmering on the still hot air. Late-late, closed straight away. They hung lazily from the trees against a sky of faded blue enamel. In a few minutes they would blanch, but they hung as ugly leopards now in a barren landscape by the trade winds so silent affairs with tropical heat: pointless, relentless, as still as death itself.

The two wound as they drove through the heat the sun reflecting dully from its polished hood and top. The native driver looked far from accustomed and pedantic along the side of the road marked down to the earth with lines the bare rounded, following families on their heads walking with the straight joints with Michael had found about in Nassau.

His wife sat beside him in the back of the two. Both of them cracked men by the narrow heat. She wore a white blouse and white tapered slacks, a young blonde woman, magnificently natural but still carrying on her face and in her eyes the harassed look of the native New Yorker. The car came down out of the hills, the boy on straight completely blind within the fading eye. Michael thought of asking the driver to stop for a moment so that he could take a picture of the driving boy. And then the woman passed the idea turned to

require too much energy. He slumped on the back seat, squinting his eyes against the sunshine which flooded the interior of the car, wondering why he was always forgetting his sunglasses back at the hotel. He was a tall thin man with bright blue eyes staring against his tanned skin. He wore a white shirt open at the throat, and he was consciously aware of his lean good looks, imagining himself somehow as a white tourist in the heart of darkest Africa, a fantasy he knew to be absurd. And yet, not totally absurd. There was a primitive smell in the wind and in people, a feeling that civilization was worn by the tropics in helplessness as a badly made hat.

"I love this town," Diana said suddenly.

He turned to look at her. Of course, his eyes shifted toward her. He did not move his head or change his position. "It's not a bad town," he said.

"It's weird. I think we ought to go on to Miami."

"No. I can't stand buggars."

"There are buggars here, too."

"Not like Miami," he said. "In Miami they're all over the streets."

"A buggar or two might be exciting."

"No thank you. That's not my idea of a vacation."

"What is your idea of a vacation?" she asked. "Where

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